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*Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon
one another for his love's sake, and who endure
weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who
peaceably shall endure; for thou, O most High-
est, shalt give them a crown!*

CHANT OF CREATION
SAINT FRANCIS
"OUR OWN SAINT FRANCIS"

An Address
Delivered by His Grace
Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D.D.
at the Requiem Mass said for
the repose of the soul of
Joseph Sadoc Tobin
February Eighth
Mdccccxviii



DUTY imposes upon us in this presence a word of sympathy, a word of praise, a word of exhortation, a word that will voice prayer for rest, prayer for peace.

Our hearts go out in loving, tender, kindly sympathy to his own, to those who knew him and loved him as others could not, and we would if we could temper their sorrow, calm their troubled hearts. But knowing our own weakness we can only turn their minds to Him who does all things well, and who alone can comfort and can heal.

Duty demands a word of praise. Nature dowered our loved friend with her best gifts, and made him verily a man among men. In the big world of commerce he stood forth a trusted leader, and

the poor gladly confided to him their little treasure; in the world of government his ideals, his aims, ever brought the admiration of the best; in the world where we meet in social intercourse his place was ever secure. But blending harmoniously with his great gifts of nature were the higher gifts that came of faith, his great rectitude, his delicate sense of truth and of justice, his tenderness and sympathy which he learned of Christ, his high standards which made him value mercy and justice, and the service of God and of his fellows beyond the treasures of this world, beyond the things that must pass with life. Nor is it easy, in the midst of the fascination which the things of this passing life exercise over us, to keep oneself unspotted from the world, and be-

cause our departed one reached this almost ideal height, do we give to him our simple word of merited praise.

Though he has gone from his wonted place, may not his godly life, his sterling worth, his great strength 'mid the temptations of the world, his kindly spirit, his love for the higher things, be an incentive to us who still in weakness struggle on to the bourne? May not his example strengthen us when failure threatens? May not his nobility of purpose encourage us when poor human nature would take the easier way? If it could be so, his passing will not be without mighty good.

There must still be a prayer for peace. Our faith teaches us that naught that is touched with defilement can enter heaven; our faith teaches us that our prayers and

our sacrifices may help those who as yet have not entered the fulness of that vision which is the joy of the Saints. If we really love, we can render great service; if we really love, we can in our prayers keep our loved one bound to us in closest ties; if we really love, we can help him pass from the place of trial unto the enjoyment of God, whom in life he loved so well and served so faithfully. If we really love, our prayers can lift him from his place of purification into that home of the soul where all is peace and joy and love forever. And, as we bow humbly beneath God's loving hand, we in calm resignation lift our eyes to heaven while we pray for our dear one that "his place be in peace and his abode in Holy Sion."

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